

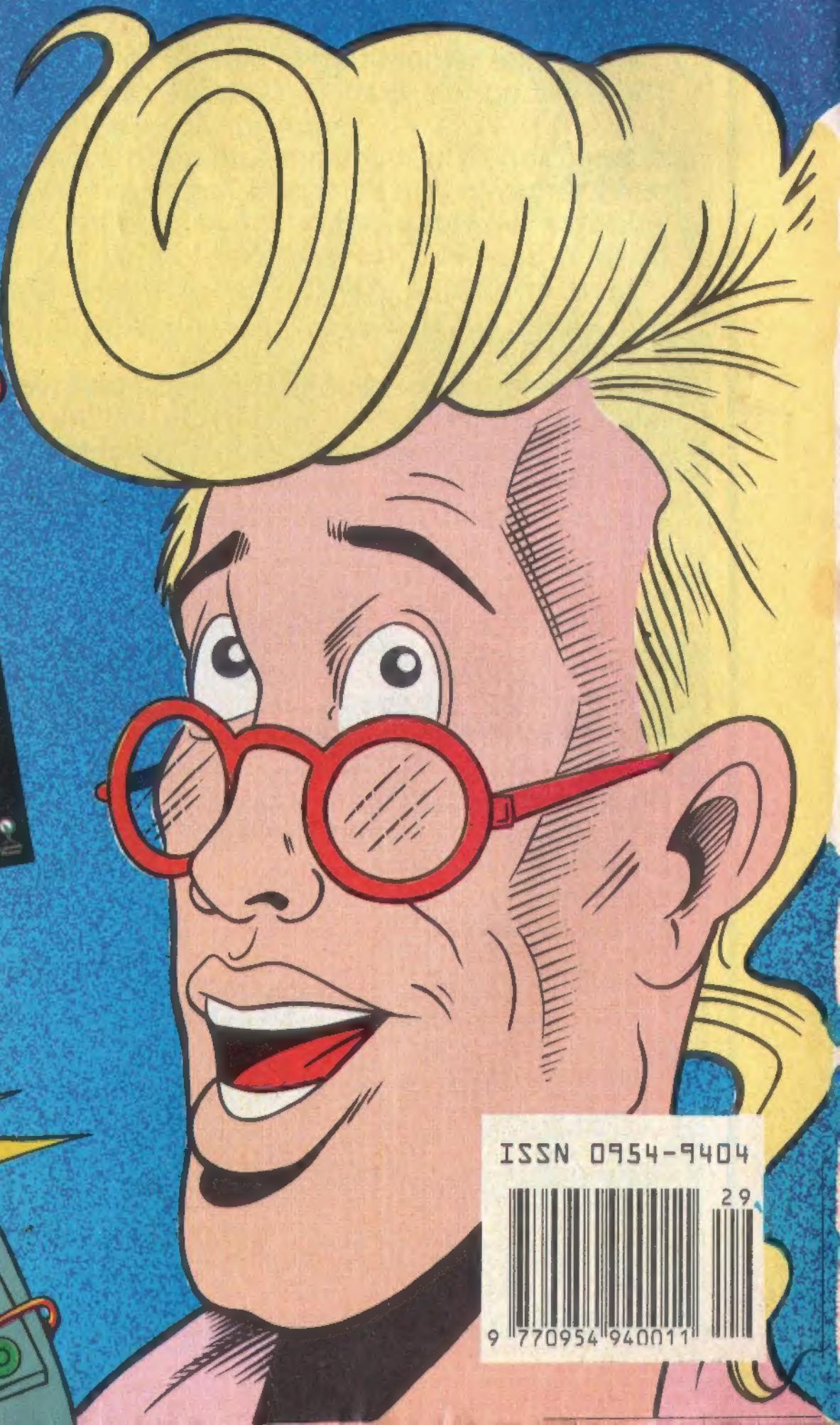
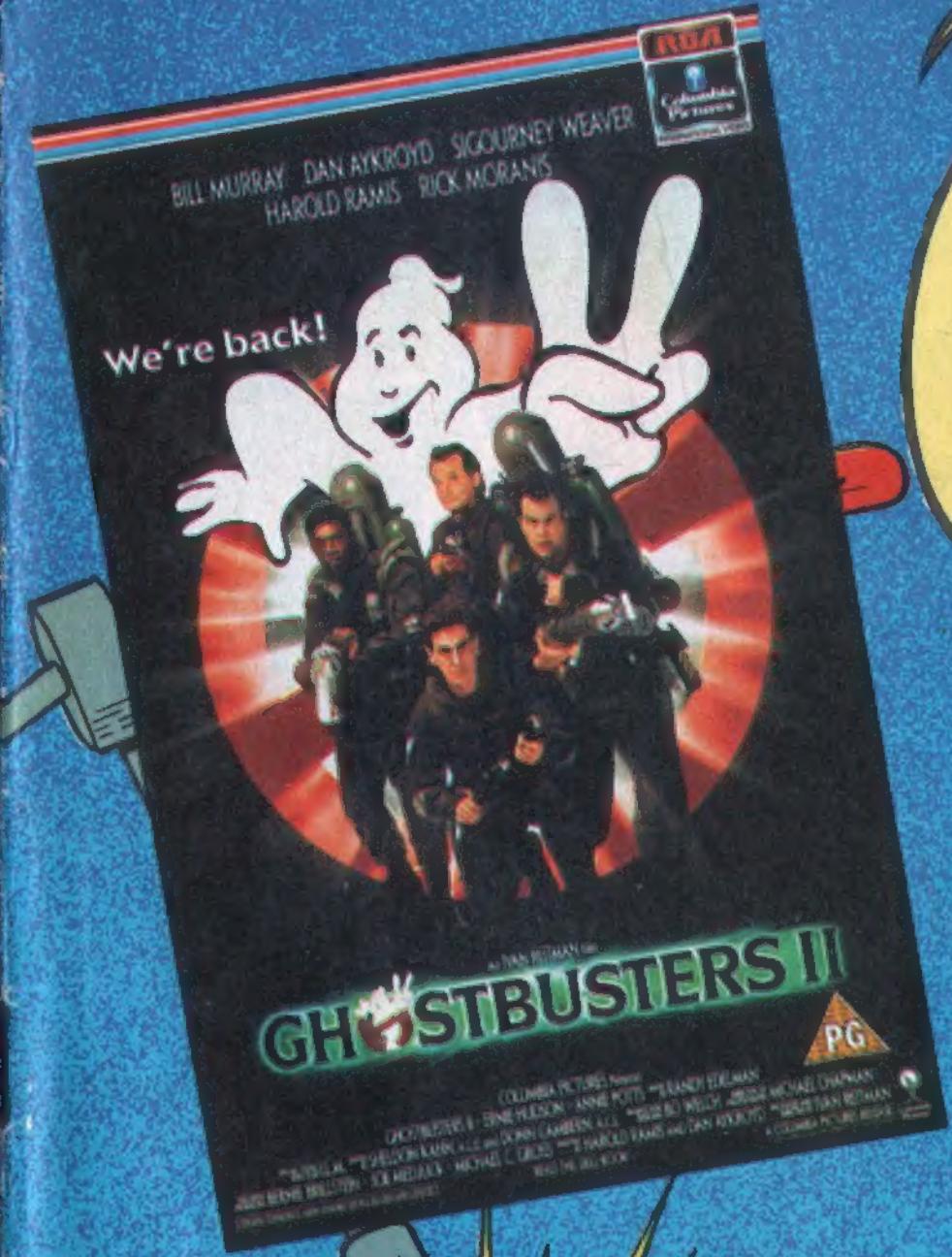
15 GHOSTBUSTERS II VIDEOS TO BE WON

MARVEL®
21st July 90

N0110 45p
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THE REAL

GH^OSTBUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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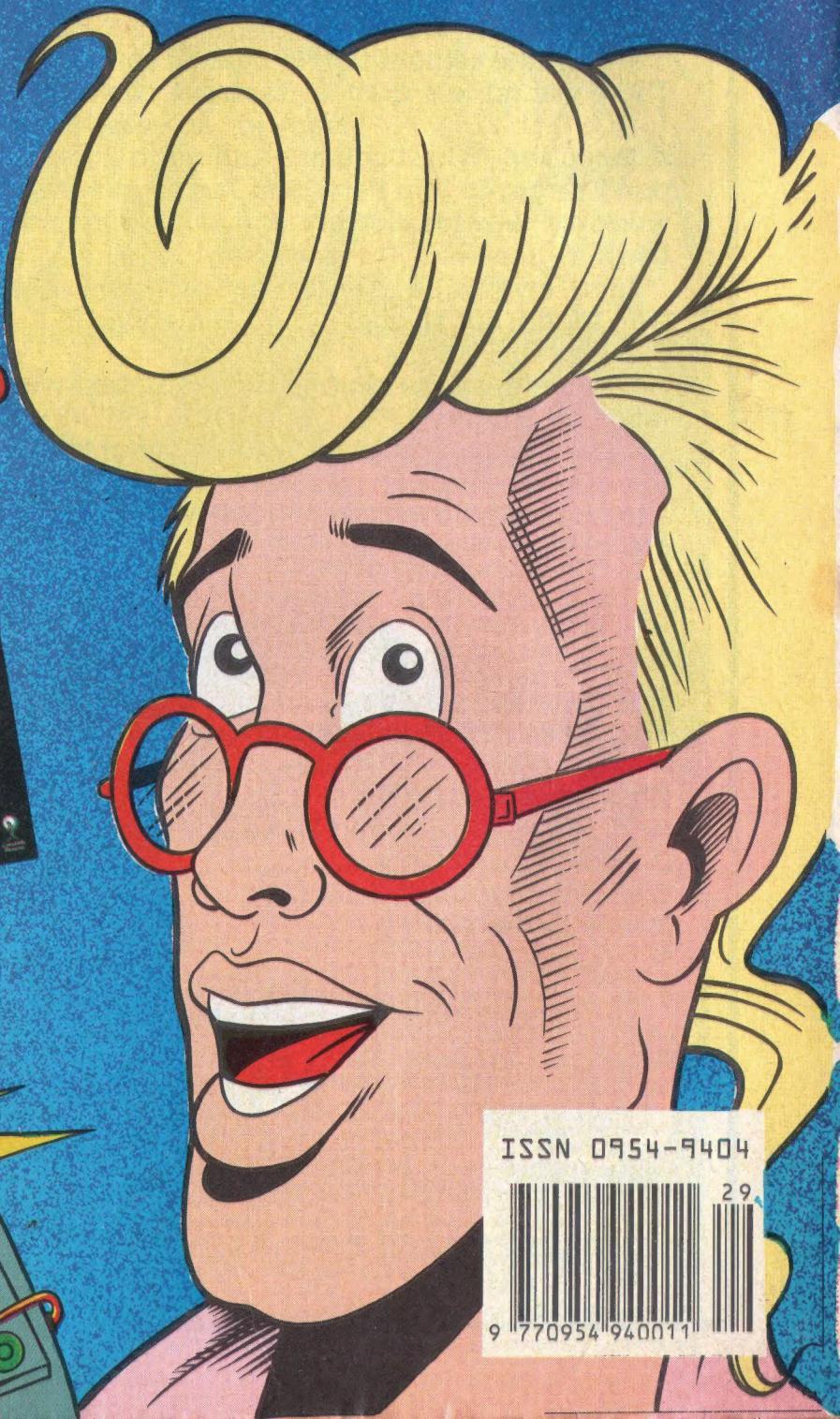
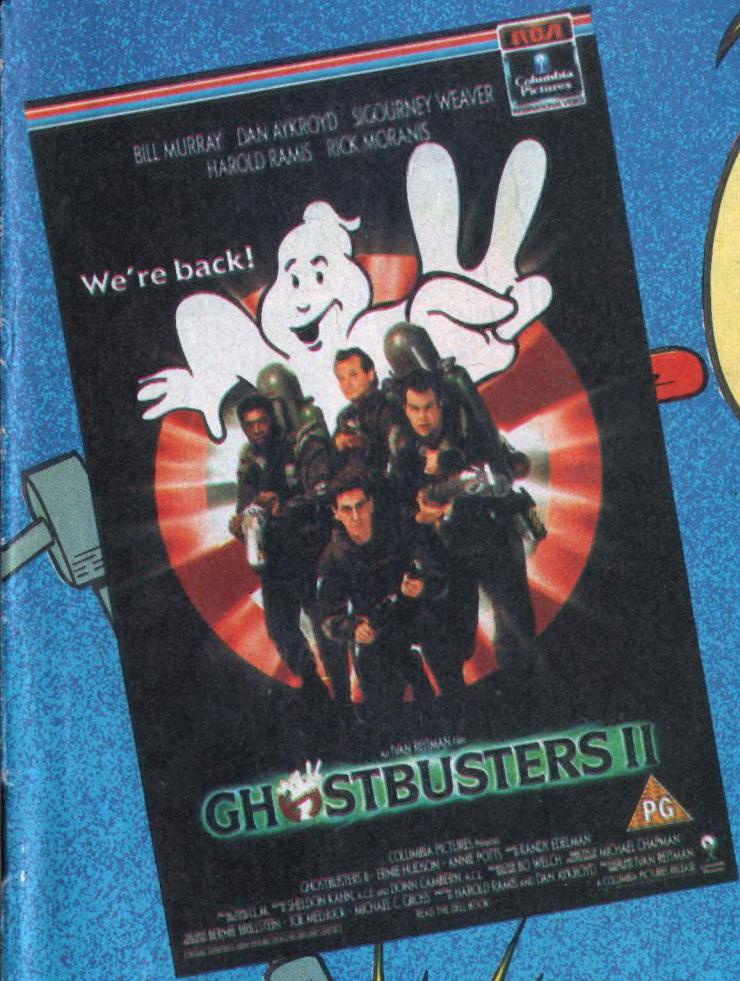
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In this week's issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** there is the competition to beat all competitions. There are no less than 15 fantastic copies of the '**GHOSTBUSTERS II**' video in an easy-to-enter competition. Whilst you are rushing to enter that, don't forget to join Peter and Janine in a magical world of wizards, sorcery and big, sharp pointy teeth in **Venkman The Barbarian!**

Egon invents a device that soothes ghosts with sound, but all does not go as planned in **Radio Freak-qty!**

Now before you rush on, don't miss next week's fabulous issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** when you can win some fabulous Wildlife Explorers Kits in the **NatWest World Savers Competition**. You can also find out how to become a NatWest World Saver and help the World Wildlife Fund.

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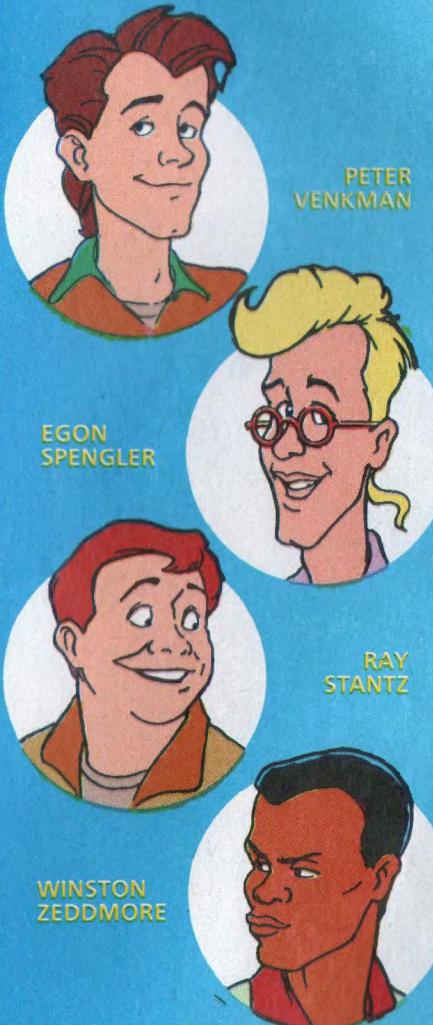
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MEMBER OF THE AUDIT
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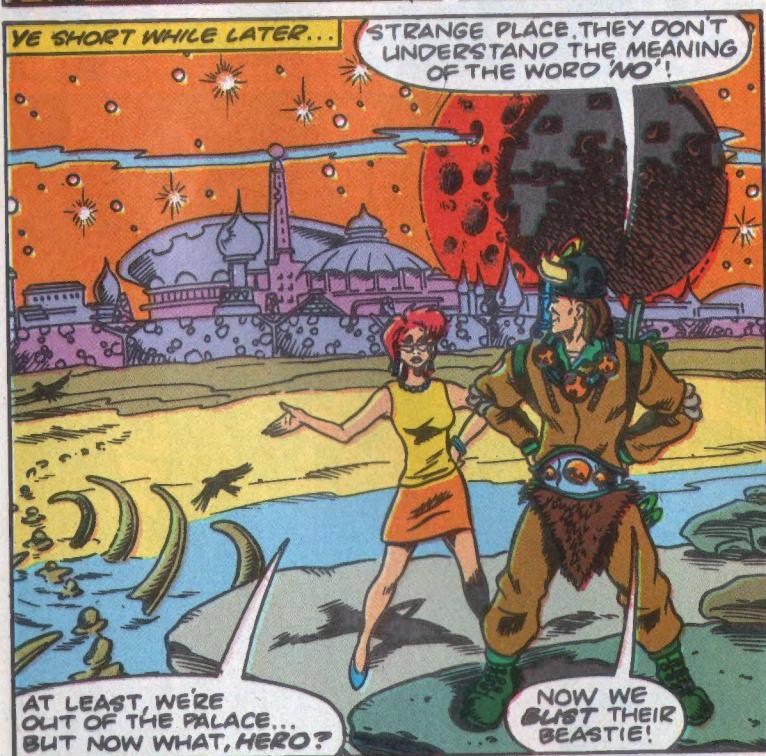


NEXT WEEK: Fantastic
NatWest World Savers
Competition.



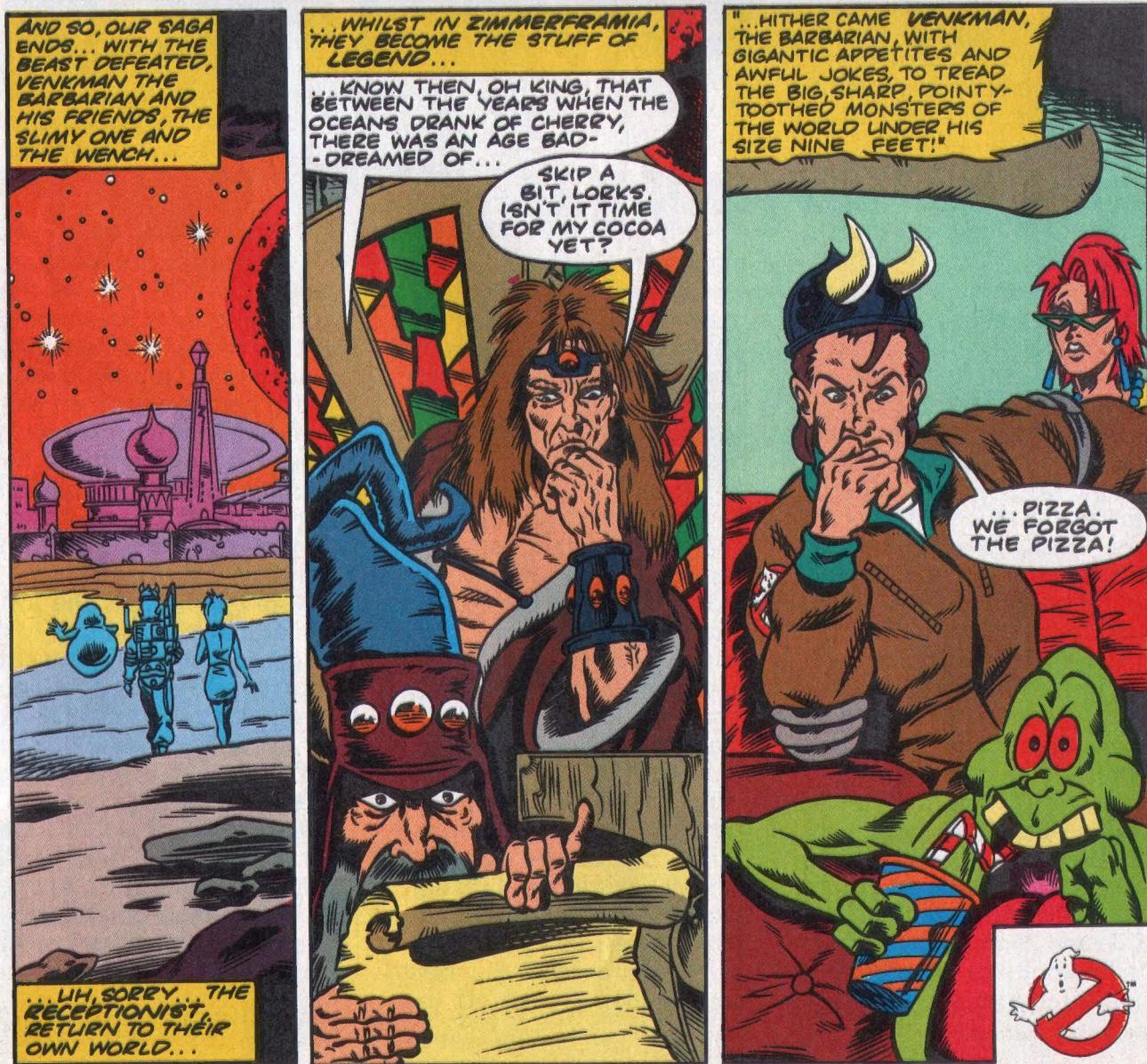
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











SPENGLER'S SPIRIT

GUIDE

In Sparehed and Jobbly's *Catalogue of The Myriad Dimensions*, it is possible to locate at least two dozen other-world realms and planes of being that have a number of curious things in common:

- 1) They all appear to be modelled on the conventions of that dubious sub-genre of imaginative literature called *heroic-fantasy*.
- 2) The word 'Chilblain' appears to have no readily understood meaning in the languages of any of them.
- 3) They all consider Joe Dolce to be an artist of the highest cultural significance.

Let's look more closely at point 1:

Heroic-fantasy has been kicking about since the days of legend really, and certainly it got into its stride with books like P.F.F. Holbein's *The Gourd of the Strings*. For some reason people really like to read stories about massively tewed barbarian warriors cutting a red swathe through an army of chitinous, gibbous, nether-spawned rat-demons with a broadsword the size of a traffic light. They delight in lands where wizards are always evil, places are called things like Aquilibria, Humidifia and Zimmerframia, and technology is so poor that no better material for the



PART 110

manufacture of ladies' swimwear has been found than chain mail. Watch out for these books, they are very easy to detect. The garish painted cover will feature highlights of the dismal woes mentioned above (noble, furrowed brows, nine pints of ichor, standing stones and halter-neck plate armour) and will categorically be 'Volume nine of the second quartet'. There is no such thing as a book one, volume one in heroic fantasy. Or a 'completely and decidedly the very last volume' either, come to that.

What all this boils down to is that the chances of something as bizarre as this actually existing in Creation would stike one as slim. Nevertheless, they do exist. Using Sparehed and Jobbly as a guide, I'll reel off the

most important ones for your reference:

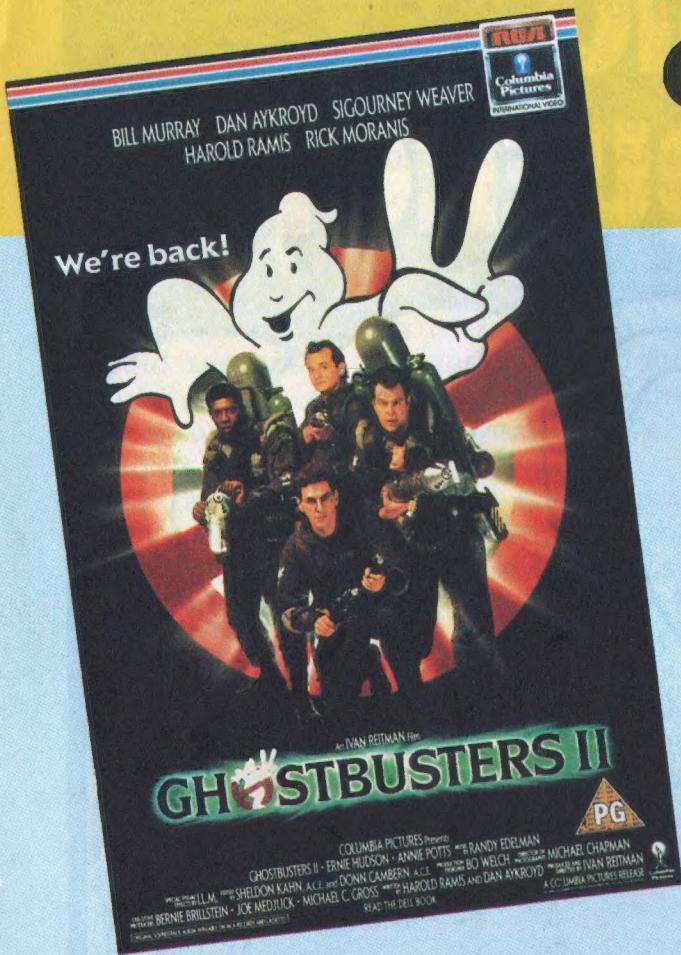
a) *Krykkytbatt* – Packed from significantly dreadful mountains to Eldritch sea with more cast-iron swimming cossies than you'd need to gilt Brighton Pavillion. Only go there if you're sure the magical afterglow of your mystic sword is up to scratch and you can hold your own in a conversation about 'dark massing forces' whilst referring to yourself as 'mine' and your mate as 'ye'.

b) *Thordenwold* – They're hammering in the morning, they're hammering in the evening, they're hammering all over this land in fact. Busy around the tourist season which begins with the hammer-throwingtournament in May, and ends with the Mr Thundergod of the Universe Contest in October. Pricey, only go if you can a-fjord it.

c) *Kafeteria* – Once the lost wilderness to end all lost wildernesses, then they went and found it and now you can't move without falling off the edge of the world or bumping into a sign saying 'Here Be Dragons'.

d) *Baglin's Burg* – Can't see for pipe smoke, and you'll probably end up falling down a burrow and wearing tweed. Some rather nasty Hobbits it's worth not picking up.

WIN ONE OF 15 GHOSTBUSTERS II VIDEOS!



Those Proton Packed heroes are back, and ready for action! You could be the lucky winner of a fabulous **GHOSTBUSTERS II** video, and all you have to do is find the hidden words in the square.

To win a copy of this supernatural comedy, all you have to do is find the ten words hidden in the square by reading backwards, forwards, up and down and even diagonally. They are always in a straight line and never miss out letters, words may be overlapped and letters may be used more than once.

We've found the first one for you. Now see if you can find the others.

All entries must be addressed to: **GHOSTBUSTERS VIDEO COMPETITION, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX**. All entries should arrive no later than **Friday, 17th August 1990** and the first fifteen correct entries drawn after that date shall be the lucky winners.

E	C	T	O	M	O	B	I	L	E	A	P
G	F	Y	Z	E	W	O	D	N	H	C	B
D	C	F	B	A	X	D	E	S	H	M	L
G	H	O	S	T	B	U	S	T	E	R	O
H	I	V	U	K	G	L	M	A	R	N	U
J	E	S	L	I	M	E	N	T	O	M	N
S	U	P	E	R	N	A	T	U	R	A	L
P	I	R	T	S	O	V	X	E	B	L	M
O	H	O	B	E	M	P	Y	C	L	Q	J
O	G	T	M	D	E	W	O	A	P	T	K
K	L	O	S	F	D	B	Z	K	S	D	R
Q	R	N	A	J	S	P	I	R	I	T	S

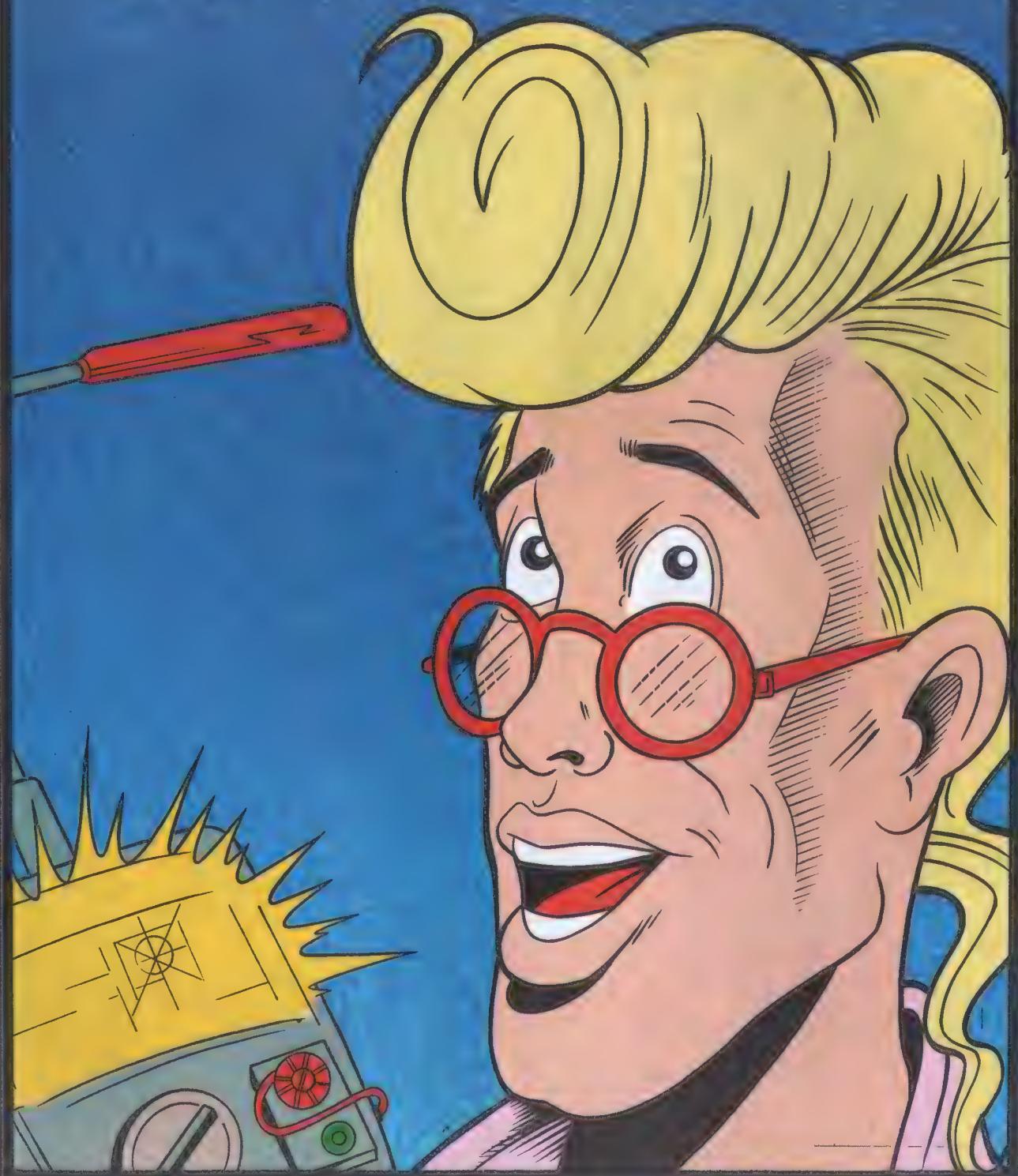
GHOSTBUSTER
SLIME
ECTOMOBILE
SUPERNATURAL
HERO

PROTON
SPIRITS
SPOOK
STATUE
DEMON



RULES: The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than the employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd., and Columbia Pictures Industries Inc. The Editor's decision in all matters relating to the competition is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in due course.

RADIO FREAK-QUENCY!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Egon Spengler's always coming up with ways of making The Real Ghostbusters' job much easier. Of course, some of his inventions are more useful than others . . .

More than the usual noise seemed to be coming from Egon's lab on the third floor of The Real Ghostbusters' HQ. After about three hours, Ray put down the book he'd been reading (*Forty Ways To Talk A Ghost Out Of Haunting – The Revised Edition*) and walked upstairs. From under the door of Egon's lab, he could see sparks showering the floor, and the occasional burst of bright light, which was made up of several different colours at once.

Ever cautious, because he knew Egon didn't really like to be interrupted, the Ghostbuster knocked on the door. "Can I get you a coffee or something, Egon?" he asked, "It sounds as though you're too busy to – yeep!"

The 'yeep' was the reaction to Egon as he pulled open the door suddenly, his face covered by a protective metal mask, a thermic lance which was still burning in his hand. "Ray!" shouted Egon, "I've done it! Come and see!"

Ray poked his head around the edge of the door into Egon's extremely untidy lab. All kinds of instruments and strange devices seemed to litter every available space.

"What am I supposed to be looking at?" asked Ray, wondering what Egon was so excited about. "This!" replied the inventor, holding up what looked like a transistor radio. "Great, a transistor radio," said Ray. "Not exactly our line of business is it? I'm sure the Japanese could do better . . ."

"This isn't just a radio," Egon said sternly. "This is a Somnambulator. It's designed to transmit a sub-stream particle message to mollify paranormal intrusions."

"Pardon?" said Ray.

"It calms ghosts down, so we can catch them more easily," Egon replied.

"Oh," Ray said firmly, pretending he understood. As the Ghostbusters' engineer and mechanic he often built many things to Egon's careful instruc-

tion, but that didn't mean he always understood them. Egon put a whistle to his lips and blew. It didn't make a sound, but suddenly Slimer pushed his head up through the floor and looked around. "Zumbuddy call?" gurgled the ghost. "Slimer, you're just in time to help me test my latest invention," said Egon. Slimer groaned. The last invention he'd helped with had turned him a vile shade of mauve and left him with a coat of purple spots for weeks. "Findee zunmbosee else," he giggled and disappeared. "What's wrong with him?" said Egon. Just then, Janine, the Ghostbusters' receptionist, burst into the room. She handed Egon a piece of paper. "There's a ghost eating a pizza restaurant out of business on Broadway," she snapped. "The owner wants someone over there to deal with it right away. The thing sounds quite angry!"

"Perfect!" said Egon, putting his new invention in his pocket. "Let's give my somnambulator a field test!" Ray shrugged and followed Egon downstairs to ECTO-1. "Er, Egon," he said, "Have you tested your Sonuthingie on anything else yet?"

"Not exactly," replied Egon. "I did try to calm down next door's cat with it yesterday, but the machine just started broadcasting Heavy Metal music. I'm sure I've got that problem sorted out, though. It was a fractional overload of the calathamic regulator, you see, with a touch of –"

"Let's just go, shall we?" said Ray, getting into the car. "I'm sure it will work."

It didn't, of course! Twenty minutes later, Ray and Egon were running for their lives down Broadway chased by a slavering, pizza eating ghost that looked very like a bizarre humanoid tortoise. It had absolutely no manners and snarled rudely at people as it ran past them. The

Somnambulator was blaring out strange, impossible sounds which Ray couldn't remember ever hearing before.

"No more Heavy Metal," he groaned, as the two Ghostbusters turned a corner and paused for breath.

"I don't understand it," gasped Egon, shaking the Somnambulator, "There's no reason why it shouldn't have worked. The theory was perfectly sound."

Ray groaned. "Just switch that thing off," he said.

"I can't!" Egon replied. The inventor showed Ray the device. "It's a frequency overload of the operating mechanism, you see."

"What?" said Ray.

"The off button's stuck!" Egon shook the machine, but it still squealed mercilessly. Behind them, the slavering ghost was getting nearer and nearer, its pointed teeth bared. Talons seemed to be developing on its hands as it got closer. Ray primed his Proton Gun.

"Guess we're stuck with more traditional methods, then," he snapped and blasted the ghost. "I kind of thought we would be!" Proton energy crackled from his Gun, a beam of pure power, wrapping itself around the angry ghost. The ghost shivered, roared, then broke free – and kept on coming. "I think we have a small problem," said Ray.

"It's the Somnambulator," said Egon. "Instead of calming the ghost, it's enraged it . . ."

"Tell me something I don't know!" shouted Ray as he fired at the ghost again. "You don't understand," added Egon. "The ghost is feeding off the power that the Somnambulator is transmitting – it's making it stronger! We've got to switch the thing off, somehow." The new device got even louder and started to glow.

"Can't you just stamp on it?" squealed Ray as the ghost snarled again and its eyes glowed a dreadful shade of red.

"This had to survive field conditions," replied Egon, shaking his head, "It's virtually indestructible, like our' Guns!"

Ray grabbed the device, threw it to the

floor and thumped it with the end of his Proton Gun. It squealed even louder, although now it seemed to be squawking in a different way. "Well, that didn't work," he muttered. Just then, the enraged ghost grabbed Egon and started shaking him up and down like a salt-cellar. "N-n-n-n-no-o-o-o-o-o," said Egon. "It w-w-wwas built to l-llast . . ." Ray hit the Somnambulator again. The sound changed once more, and a small flap popped open, revealing a yellow dial. "What's this?" asked Ray, holding the machine up. Egon twisted and turned and managed to pull himself free from the ghost's clutches.

"That's just part of the radio I built the Somnambulator from," he said. "Nothing important."

"But it looks like the tuning dial," replied Ray. At that moment, the ghost gave a triumphant roar and grabbed Ray. "Of course it's the tuning dial," said Egon. "I didn't have time to disconnect it completely."

Ray grinned as he twisted the dial. "Here goes nothing," he shouted. Suddenly the sounds that blared from the Somnambulator changed. Instead of raucous grating sounds, the machine's speaker started to blast out Vivaldi's Four Seasons – classical, cheerful music. With a shriek, the ghost dropped Ray and vanished. "Some people have no taste," he said.

"I quite agree," added Egon, helping his friend to his feet. "The Somnambulator must have been broadcasting a radio station – one of the Heavy Metal channels. No wonder the ghost got angry."

"Yeah – it got in the mood for some head-banging and decided we were the heads to bang," replied Ray.

"Guess it's back to the drawing board," murmured Egon. "You know, I've just had this really good idea for a transmonic generator, coupled to –"

Ray handed Egon his Somnambulator and patted the inventor on the shoulder. "Egon, why can't you just invent a new way to catch mice? I think the world would be a much safer place!"

DEAD-SHOT DIRK

The population of Dry Gulch in Indiana were truly biting the dust in a ghost town that was just that! Yup, story has it that Dead-Shot Dirk was a rootin' tootin' cowboy who came to a dead end at the hands of an unfair gunfight. His spirit, however, refused to ride off to that big ranch in the sky!

Dirk developed the nasty habit of returning to the scene of the crime, the Four Ace Saloon, every full moon, although his thirst was for blood only. The cowardly cowboy would load his gun full of slime bullets before selecting the unfortunate unarmed victim. The trigger happy varmint was shooting below the holster – something had to be done!

Fortunately, Ray's cousin was one of the townsfolk, so Annie got her kin! She called in the cavalry in the shape of The Real Ghostbuster who proved to be too quick on the draw, and the two armed bandit was forced to head off into the sunset!



WHAT IS PUZZLING THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

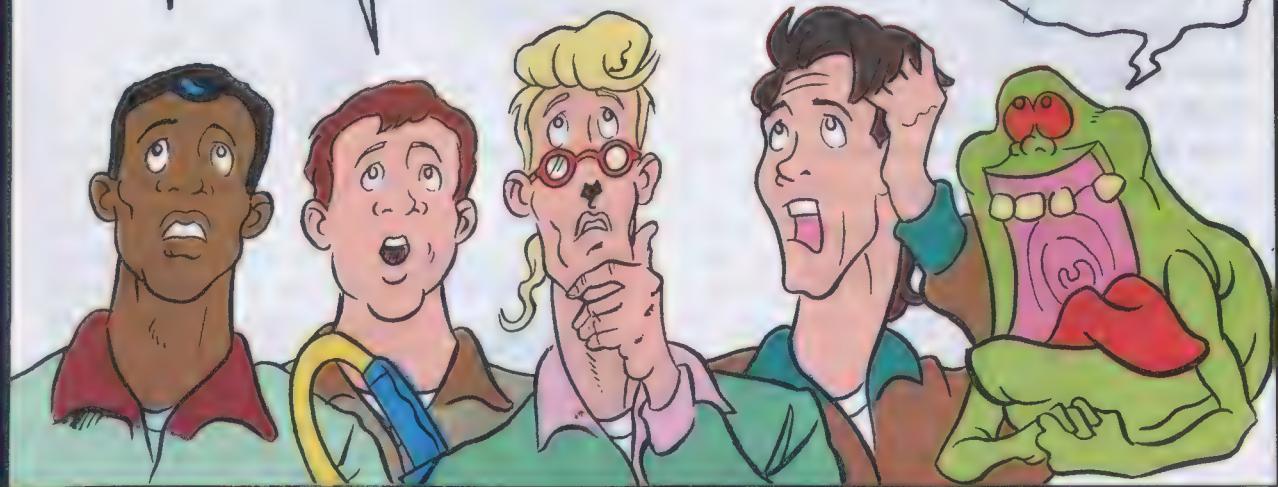


WORD
SEARCHES?
MAZES?

GAMES?
PUZZLES?

WHAT?
A BRAND NEW
MAGAZINE
CRAMMED FULL
OF PUZZLES
AND FUN?

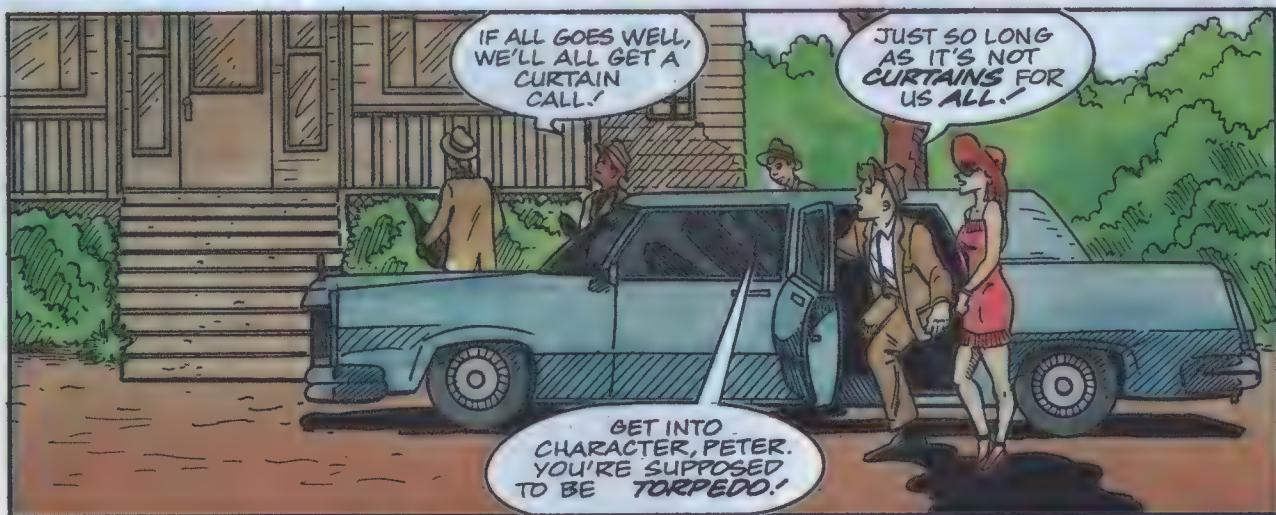
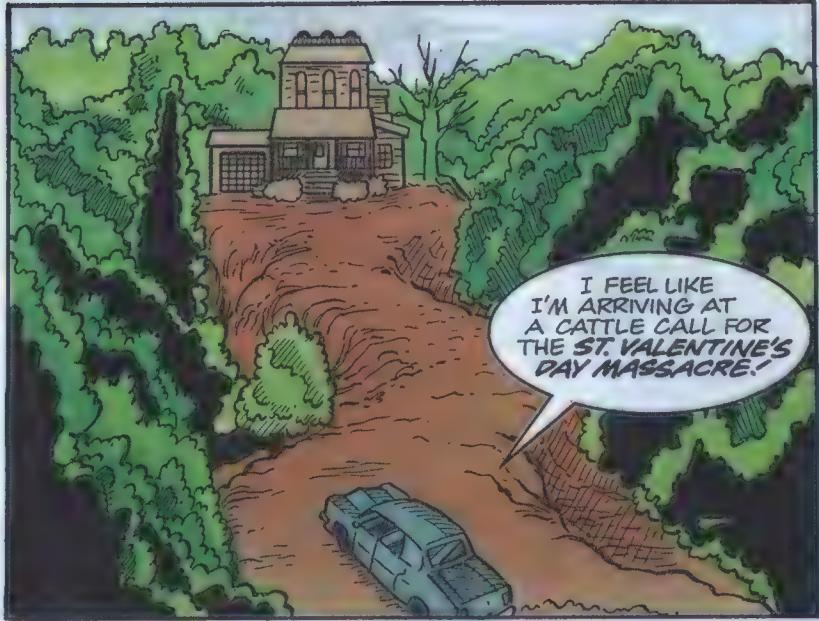
COMING
SOONEEE!



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

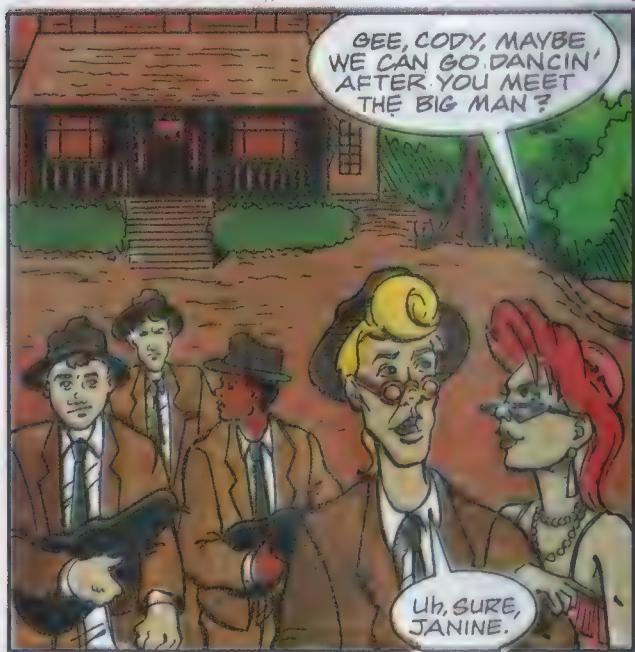
Part Three: Fu Fang, a fiendish oriental arch-villain, is helping Caldoni and his gang of ghost gangsters to take over the underworld. But The Real Ghostbusters are on their way to stop them!











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FREEZERS!

Issue 118 On sale 30th July

PLUS! FABULOUS
COMPETITION
IN 119!

DEAD TREE!



Whilst on a cycling holiday a young couple visited Tintern

Abbey, Monmouthshire, which is one of the most famous religious ruins in the world. The husband decided to wander around the ruins while the wife went off to sketch. However, she felt an unfamiliar force take control of her hand as she picked up her pencil and pad. The woman watched in amazement as the pencil glided across the paper forming the words 'Please hear me'. She blurted out the experience to her husband not knowing if he would believe her story. Fortunately, he was a fairly open-minded person and after a brief discussion, they decided to challenge the entity to reveal itself.

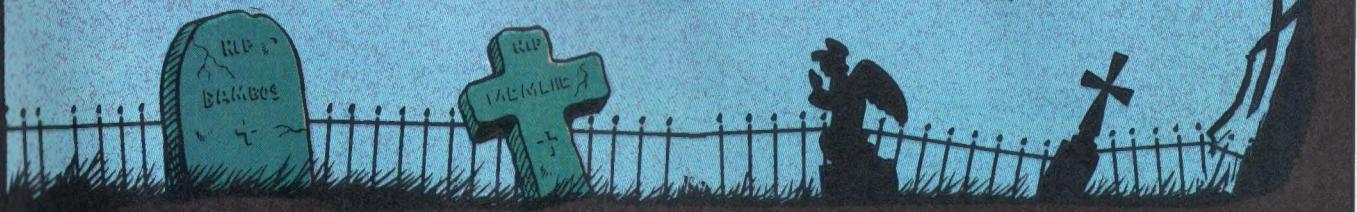
The spirit identified himself as a Saxon soldier from the twelfth century who had died in battle. He further explained that his physical body was

buried without religious rites and requested that a mass be held in his honour. The soldier said that until this happened his spirit would remain restless. The couple, who were not Catholics, asked why they had been selected by the dead soldier. He replied that they were the first people he had successfully contacted since his physical death. The fact that they were of a different denomination made no difference because the couple were decent human beings and that was all that mattered. The husband promised to make the necessary arrangements, for which the spirit thanked them and left their lives as suddenly as he had entered it.

The following day the woman returned to the abbey. Although her wrists ached from automatic writing, she attempted another sketch. However, just as before, she lost control of her

hand and stared with interest as further words spilled onto the page. She was surprised to discover that the spirit requested another mass on his behalf. Once again, the woman obliged and contacted a Catholic friend, asking for prayers to be said for the soul of an unknown deceased person.

Many years later a mutual friend invited the couple to take part in a seance, which they accepted. Even though their strange experience had not been told to anyone present in the room, the message: 'Thank you for the masses,' was tapped out. The rest of the company were somewhat bemused by the words and thought no more of it, but the couple exchanged knowing glances. Indeed, their trip to Monmouthshire had certainly proved to be a holiday they would never forget.



GHOULS OUT FOR SUMMER ...

MARVEL

THE REAL **GH~~O~~STBUSTERS**TM SUMMER SPECIAL

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ON SALE NOW FROM MARVEL

GH~~O~~ST WRITING!



Howdy! I hope you're all feeling suitably ghostly and inquisitive, 'cos I am about to answer your ghostly and inquisitive questions! Here goes ...

Dear Peter...

1. Why is Egon so boring? If he wasn't, I'd like him, but you're my best Ghostbuster.
2. How come ECTO-3 and ECTO-500 aren't in the comic?
3. In *Ghostbusters II*, Vigo was hard to bust, but in the comic it was easy?

— Ricky Lawton, Crosby.

1. Egon is not boring. He's intense, he's deep and he's totally fascinated by pointy jab-jab sticks. On second thoughts, you could be right there, Ricky. 2. Simple. We haven't had to use them yet. We have got them hidden away somewhere, it's just that we're waiting for the right moment to use them. 3. It wasn't hard in the film, you

know. It was just that Ray did have to go and get possessed by that old Carpathian devil, and that made it a bit more tricky!

I have some questions for Egon:

1. Have you found an antidote for the lumi-fungi that turned your hair blond?
2. Do you find that you have more fun now that you are blond?
3. What did you do with the seaweed that you collected in Issue ninety-five?

— John Roberts, Gwent.

1. Egon says: No, John, I haven't. I've tried on many occasions, but I've now come to the conclusion that blond hair suits me. 2. Mmm, they certainly have a lot more research to do. 3. I deposited it on various beaches throughout the world so as to baffle the experts when they find a particular seaweed in a place that it doesn't occur naturally.

I would like to ask some questions:

1. Is ECTO-2 in *Ghostbusters II*?
2. What is the Ecto-containment Unit like in *Ghostbusters II*?

— Philip and David Suckley.

1. No we didn't actually need to use it. 2. Packed!

1. I had a nightmare about the *Ghostbusters* movie. How can I stop having nightmares about you?
2. In Issue ninety-

nine of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, why didn't the mammoth go into the Ghost Trap? 3. Do you like Slimer's jokes?

— Garry, Bristol

1. How can you have a nightmare about me? If there was anything even the slightest bit spooky, I would be there to protect you. So fear not, we are ready to believe you. 2. Apart from the fact that it was pretty huge, the Proton Guns we use to restrain the ghosts were heating the frozen fiend up, and making him all the more angry. So we had to think of another way to trap him, and of course it was yours truly as the bait. 3. What jokes?

1. Why are ECTO-3 and 500 all cars when you already have ECTO-1?

2. Why are you called The Real Ghostbusters in the cartoon, whilst in the film you are called the Ghostbusters?

3. When the teacher asks me to write a story or an essay I always fit in The Real Ghostbusters and people say it's stupid. What should I do?
— Melvyn Enniskillen.

1. Well, they may be cars, but they're different types of cars. And that's the important thing, isn't it! Because we are The Real Ghostbusters! 3. If they are mad enough to say you're stupid, they must be crazy! We are Real Ghostbusters, or don't they know that?

Mr Rose

